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and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXXI. No. 2359

London
September 11, 1946



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THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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Anthony Buckley

H.R.H. Princess Katherine of Greece

The younger sister of King George of the Hellenes is staying in London while on a visit to this country for a few months. During the war Princess Katherine lived in South Africa and Egypt, and only recently arrived over here from Cairo. She is a first cousin of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and a sister of Princess Irene, wife of the Duke of Aosta



M. René Massigli, the French Ambassador

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

FEW men living carry in their heads more historic, jealously-guarded international secrets than does the smiling, youthful M. René Massigli, K.B.E., since September, 1944, French Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James's. For who has been closer to the doubly locked gates of France's Whitehall, on the romantically restless Quai d'Orsay, for a quarter of a turbulent century?

Yet, as one glances at the easy poise of the surprisingly tall occupant of the modest if large room in which General de Gaulle used to preside, one recalls that, but for the pressure of a Vansittart of the Quai, Philippe Berthelot, Massigli might well have been "lost," at the University of Lille, to go on teaching Christian art and the history of early Christian churches.

Berthelot urged René, one of three sons of a professor of civil law in the health-giving town of Montpellier, to leave, and enter instead the battle of States and diplomacy. Massigli, who had Jules Romain and François Ponset as colleagues at the Sorbonne, promptly received a high post during the Peace Conference. In the following year, 1920, then aged 32, he glanced at Europe's open sores, at Danzig, Vilna, and the Pilsudski battles with the Bolsheviks: he was the important Secretary of the Conference of Ambassadors.

THEN followed headship of the League of Nations section at the Quai, as Minister. Massigli rose to be deputy chief of the Political Department, and in 1937 became the Director. He worked and slept with international feuds, until 1938, when the pro-German Foreign Minister, crooked-nosed little Georges Bonnet, dispatched him to Ankara as Ambassador. France fell in 1940; von Papen smiled over Turkey; and Massigli was recalled by Vichy.

The maker of gay phrases went into retirement,

but not for long. From de Gaulle, seeking talent and experience, came a question in 1942. Massigli replied that he would gladly serve. At the end of the year, when the Allies landed in Africa, the Germans marched into "unoccupied" France. Massigli eluded the police, waited patiently for the means of escape to Britain. Night after night, for two months, he left his home, a railwayman's cottage, and walked to a field. At last, a tiny British aircraft, flown by a well-known pilot, circled overhead and landed.

MASSIGLI set off for freedom. In the middle of the January night he stirred and said to the pilot, "Are we heading north? Judging by the moon aren't we going west?" The compass was defective. The pilot turned north and came down on the edge of welcoming Cornwall with a few gallons of petrol left in the tank.

Anthony Eden, de Gaulle, Catroux, fêted Massigli next night. He became at once Foreign Commissioner in the French National Committee of Liberation.

A glance at the red socks and casually worn pin-striped grey suit makes one wonder whether Massigli suffers an occasional regret at leaving academic serenity. A lover of privacy, he has to live so much in the public glare, with five or six luncheons or dinner parties a week (made historic by chef Gonin). Massigli dreams, perhaps, of the time when he will read books of his own choice. Maybe, too, he recalls in between more topical and urgent thoughts that Berthelot pearl, "Nothing looks more like a talk between five-years-old children than a talk between two statesmen. . . ."

Through enigmatic eyes Massigli smiles; in them no comment can be read. That is the result of twenty-five years of diplomacy, the diplomacy of a lover of poetry.

GEORGE BILAINKIN

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH



THE candles are burned down to their sparkling sockets; the relics of pretty dishes jostle one another in the larder. Soon they will have disappeared too, the benzedrine will lie quiet in the drawer until the next junketing, and the children will have recovered a phlegm

proper to their age.

Meanwhile, still slightly over-wrought from the grown-ups' party—they call it their party, and profess themselves well pleased with it—they frisk about outside in the smart sunlight, boasting of the deeds, heroic or ghoulish, they have in mind. "I'm going to get a great big, big, sword, an' I'm going to shoot that wicked dragon—I'm going to live on an island, when I'm big, and make lots of musekit—I'm going to get a great big, big, big—and I'm going to wang you down and eat you for my dinnah—and I'm going to make lots of custard and I'm going to be very rich—"

"I'm going to—I'm going to—," Could any other phrase enfold so much and such harmless pleasure? In a way it is one of the principal pillars of civilized society. "All talk and no do" we sniff contemptuously. But the contempt is only justified, I think, when the talk is of love. Otherwise, compared to the daydream, the first announcement of one's intentions, what is the finished book that may or more likely may not sell, the gaining of power finally, after years of exalted opposition? Whenever I go to Ireland, I am overcome by the tragic anti-climax of the Holy Grail recovered. The Russian intellectuals were at their best when exiled to the midnight cafés of Baden-Baden, or to the grimy elysium of the British Museum reading room. If the child dreams unceasingly of Cathay, with Marco Polo under his pillow, the grown-up is right to resist all attempts to transport him to China. Would Baudelaire have been brought the *Invitation au Voyage* to such heartbreaking perfection:

"Mon enfant, ma soeur,

"Songe à la douceur

"D'aller là-bas, vivre ensemble. . . ."

If he had really found his exquisite love—and not a lusty rampagous sordid negress, and really set off for the promised tropical land—(which mayn't of course have been tropical at all, but merely Holland).

Monteverde

As I write, I am soothed and inspired by passionate airs of that Venetian musical genius, Claudio Monteverde (1567-1643) whose works, to our infinite advantage, are speedily being rescued from an absurd oblivion. Monteverde, from Cremona, that paradise of violins, scandalized the Palestrinian world by his use of "unprepared dissonances," which soon, however, became a part of normal western European musical technique.

In my childhood there seemed to exist a deliberate conspiracy for the suppression or

besmirching of Monteverde's glory. Inspired perhaps by memories of happy bawlings in the Bach choir at Oxford, and—unless I am mistaken—by the august prejudices of Stanford and Parry—the grown-ups of my world would sniff at this monstrous innovator, this desecrator of the Paestrian meadows. . . . Yet they would lovingly bowl off in full evening dress of a bright June evening to luxuriate in the *Ring*. Perhaps the citadels of starch in which they encased themselves kept them immune from the full fury of Wagner's innovations?

But when I was thirteen or so, I induced my mother to take me to a performance of Monteverde's *Orfeo* (1608) at the Royal College of Music. The performance was of a quality modest even by amateur standards; but the taut passion of many of the arie, their long, nervous, perfectly controlled melodic lines, opened a new world of beauty for me. An execrable musician myself, alas! I sought out for years such freakish—and generally indifferent—renderings of Monteverde's splendours as one could come upon in the concert halls of Paris or London. Then suddenly, a few years before the war, thanks to the enterprise of Nadia Boulanger, we were blessed with five magnificent H.M.V. records, of various arie from his forgotten operas.

Monteverde can be ignored no longer. Two



recent concerts devoted to him have been perhaps the most successful given in London this year. I wonder whether this triumph will impel the gramophone companies to issue further recordings of his music? I wonder whether even these days one can get fresh copies of the Boulanger records. Mine are becoming a trifle jaded. . . . What a miraculous world was the Venice of 1613, when Claudio Monteverde became "maestro di cappella" at St. Mark's! The shadow of Palladio still lay over the pearly buildings—indeed, in Palladio's "Teatro Olimpico" at nearby Vicenza (the most sublime theatre in the world), they were perfecting the Florentine invention of the musical drama, which owes so much to Monteverde. Veronese was only twenty-five years or so dead; Venetian architects and painters, however minor, could not, try as they might, succeed in being banal; the corps of Venetian plasterers had achieved a competence they have not entirely surrendered to this day.

Venice and Civilization

THOUGH the Brownings, fully covered for twenty-four hours of the day, lived in Venice, the Victorian yearning was all towards Florence. Perhaps in this feeling, as in so much else, they were moved by a desire to spite their ancestors.

It is fascinating to observe how the Venetian ideal of sumptuous oligarchy inspired English architecture, and even English politics, from Monteverde's time until Mendelssohn's. When Monteverde took up his post at St. Mark's, from the Venetian piazzas and traghetti had

only just departed the figure of a studious Englishman, an architect evidently; for he was always to be seen drawing details of Scamozzi's new buildings, or annotating his worn copy of Palladio. It was of course, Inigo Jones; and from his return to the strange court of James I, aristocratic Englishmen fancied themselves as north-western Venetians. Like the Venetians they were prodigious traders, like the Venetians they liked to get away to the country, to loll in Palladian palaces and sentimentalize over gardens; like the Venetians they had a passion for government by upper-class committees, with the lower orders kept well in order.

The "Glorious Revolution" of 1688, was hailed by many political writers of the time as a victory for the "Venetian" ideal of the aristocratic republic; nor must we forget that not only the London mob but also a strong section of English "society" were unfriendly to the Crown until well after the death of the Prince Consort. Sir Charles Dilke was by no means without sympathizers in the Upper House for his republicanism, which was the dying embers of a Venetian ideal. English affection for Venice had really died half a century before, as I have suggested. Castle-reagh and his cronies did not, I fancy, feel any violent pangs, when the Congress of Vienna applauded the sixteen-year-old murder of the Republic of St. Mark, and confirmed the heavy Austrians in possession of the corpse. To Manin's valorous resurrection of that republic of 1848-1849, in his long, lonely struggle against the might of Radetsky, Palmerstonian England offered little but the most flattering praise. . . .

Perhaps aristocratic republicanism as an ideal only thrives in a safe and settled world—a luxury, as ortolans. Very often the growth of monarchism does not mean necessarily—as many orthodox Socialists would have us believe—a "cooked" election. But then, the Left can hardly admit the possibility that electors if unhampered could ever wish for a king—save, of course, here. Yet it seems pretty clear that, if only from fear of Communism, Greece has genuinely gone monarchical again.

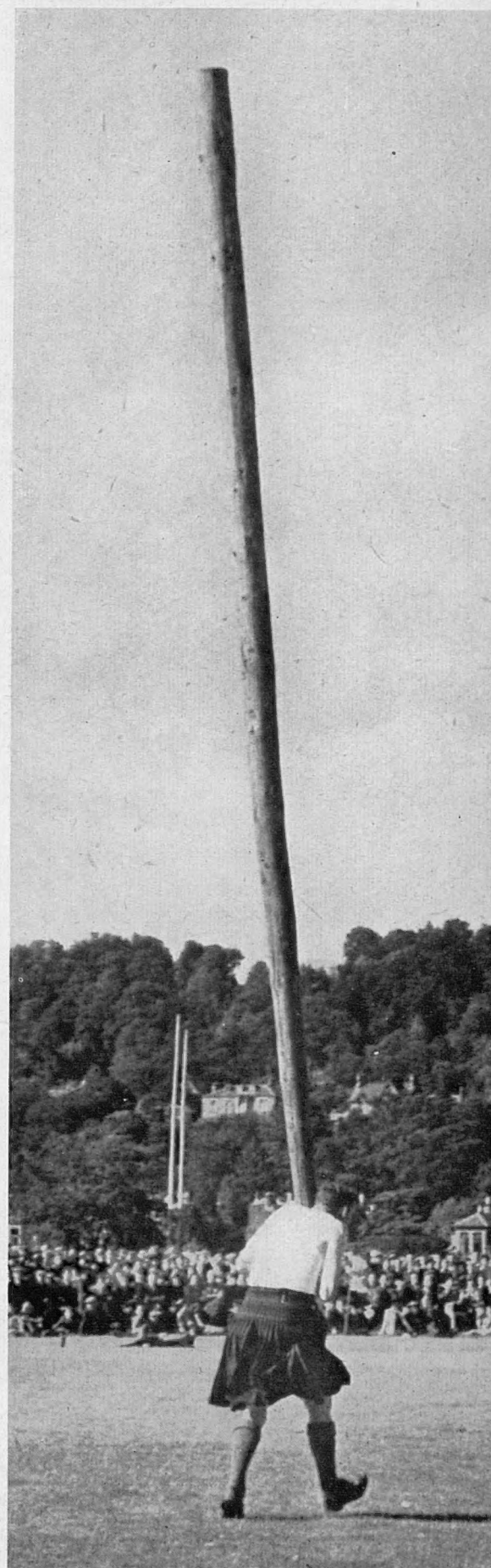
September the Third

WITHIN a few hours of my writing this, the beginning of the second World War will be just seven years old. Sitting in the train on that bright but awful Sunday morning, on my way from London to Brussels, I could not help wondering how in the coming violent years, the poison of propaganda would corrupt our minds, turning us into criminals or silly-billies. On the whole I think we kept our heads pretty well, considering the extraordinary dangers we ran. But for a certain amount of upper-class hysteria—mostly feminine—which would have clapped into prison anyone who ventured to assert that the eight machine guns of the Hurricane were at least as useful as Mr. Churchill's oratory in winning the Battle of Britain: apart from such silly vandalisms as the campaign for the collection of scrap iron, which does not seem to have served any purpose much more useful than the wrecking of fine ironwork long overdue for destruction: and the organized gloating of Press and broadcasters in the obliteration of towns like Dresden, which belong not to Germany but to the world: we refused to be infected with the madness officially prescribed.

Not all of us after all acquiesced in the betrayal of Poland; and not the most rapturous propaganda could prevent us from soon deciding that the experiment at Hiroshima was a deadly sin. Our parents in the previous war were much more pliable material. I still remember my father's face as he set off for one of his long, solitary indignant walks, when an aunt of mine expressed doubts over the report that the Germans were extracting glycerine from the corpses of their dead.

A Mighty Heave

A competitor at the Strathallan Games, near the Bridge of Allan, running hard, before giving the caber a toss which may win him the championship





James Agat

AT THE

Record Low

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER have pulled it off, possibly in the interests of international relations. A dozen or more Americans have told me that apart from Sid Field *London Town*, the British musical which was to teach Hollywood its business, "stinks." And now, in *No Leave, No Love* (Empire) M-G-M comes forward to tell England that Hollywood can stink, too. If I were to say what this musical is about nobody would believe me, and I should lose a life-long reputation for strict fidelity to truth. I left when a little nigger boy, looking about seven and indulging in the name of Frank "Sugarchile" Robinson, proceeded to pound out boogie-woogie on the piano with his elbows. In the entire show I saw nobody with the slightest pretensions to acting talent, and readers who are curious may find out the names for themselves. (I except from the foregoing Edward Arnold, who can act, but wasn't allowed to.) Never, in all the thousands of films on which these bleary eyes have rested, have I seen such nit-wittery. Fit for the delectation not even of schoolboys, but of agreeable, kind-hearted, well-meaning young bullocks. But perhaps the young American male is getting like that. And why shouldn't it?

HERE is a passage I read this week written by a highly distinguished London journalist:

"A West Coast 'Funeral Parlor' flashed the slogan, 'One Call Covers All'; and even in dignified Washington another mortician told us in red and blue flame that his 'Funeral Home' afforded 'What you have been waiting for all your life.' I don't think these bizarre signs irritate anybody. They are considered 'kinda cute' and appropriate to a landscape which along scores of miles of straggling new cities has the appearance of a continuous fun fair."

Well, I suppose "kinda cute" is the kindest thing to say about a film which goes on and on without, so far as I am concerned, ever achieving resemblance to any kind of fun or fair.

AND now let me wash my mouth out, so to speak, with a parenthesis about real talent. Let me return to Sid Field for a moment. The point is that this great comedian cannot escape the law which insists that performers in this kind shall be known for something outside their comedy. With Leno it is swell of soul, with Grock logic, with Chaplin pathos. Field has a quality I have not seen on the stage since Hawtrey, of whom Henry Maxwell wrote: "Whoever—man, woman, or child—has pouted to such effect as Hawtrey? He would pout to indicate a certain type of displeasure. Babies are often given to it, but Hawtrey—contriving to look more like a baby than any infant in its cradle—could yet impart something additional, piquant and pertinent; he could impart to it just that element of pathos which it is the rare achievement of the lovable to command, even when they are being as difficult as only the lovable know how to be." Sid is always a great baby, and never more than when he is being, as

he thinks, sophisticated. And now will people stop yapping about these two films?

Mr. Ace (London Pavilion) has to do with American politics, about which I know rather less than nothing. Bear garden cum barn dance cum bonfire seems to be the American notion of an election. My ignorance doesn't matter, because the picture is really about Sylvia Sidney, who wants to become Governor of her State in the first place and Mrs. Ace in the second, which cannot happen because Sidney has a husband. And who is Mr. Ace apart from being George Raft? Apparently a political boss or gangster of unswerving virtue inside politics and a wobble-some temperament outside. Wherefore, to corrupt the first and steady the second, Sylvia sits about lowering and raising glamorous eyelids, placing against thoughtful cheek crimson talons of which a tigress would be proud, and wearing a number of hats which would send a female giraffe into hysterics. (Why all modern women's hats, particularly the miniature topper, look as though they were perched between the horns of this animal is a problem which I must reserve for another essay.) After an hour and ten minutes of *Mr. Ace* I announced my departure. My companion preferred to stop, saying it was raining. I don't know which of us got the wetter.

AND now comes a film to which I almost didn't go. This is *Claudia and David* (Odeon). I nearly didn't go to this because of my recollection of the play.

This was wretched drivel about an idiot wife who managed to combine in one personality Dickens' Dora, Ibsen's Nora, Bret Harte's Miss,

Barry Appaby



"According to the critics we shall be looking at this film for months and months"

In A Regency Bonnet

Joan Hopkins, who plays the part of Princess Charlotte in *The First Gentleman* at the Savoy Theatre, in a characteristic period dress. The Prince Regent, who gives the play its title, is played by Robert Morley

Alexander Bender

PICTURES

and the innocent in Besant and Rice's *Golden Butterfly*. Except, of course, that the new American comedy had none of the wit of the Victorian novel. "Child, it is hard indeed to realize your Awful condition of mind," said Mrs. Cassilis. "That a girl of nineteen should be able to say that she has never seen a Shop! My dear, your education has been absolutely unchristian." There was nothing in *Claudia*, the play, to come up to this.

AND what, pray, does the film pretend to be about? Claudia wrinkling her face because she is a child-wife and the dinnerfrocks of married women don't "do anything to her." Claudia running away from a dinner party and being driven home by a good-looking philanderer tied to a wife. Claudia surprised when her husband finds this behaviour odd. Claudia receiving box of expensive flowers from good-looking philanderer and not finding that odd. Claudia finding her infant son in convulsions. Claudia up against her son's measles. Claudia up against a bogus spiritualist. Claudia up against a motor-car accident in which her husband breaks a rib. And so on. The old, old story of what, since the dawn of civilization, has been held to be the secret of feminine charm.

A kind of half-made woman, obtrusively weaker vessels, "hither all dewy from a convent fetched," and often as breathless and monosyllabic with aghast innocence as if they had run all the way—"sweet clinging creatures," like a well-knitted sock, and about as fit as a sock for true marriage and comradeship; a type the elaboration of which is really so much sensual savagery, going back as it does towards the relation of some Mogul or Khalifa to scared, half-grown slave-girls, if not to the relation of buck to the timorous doe of sentimental convention.

That was written half a century ago. And, of course, to no purpose. The average buck still likes his doe to be timorous, has always liked it, and presumably always will.

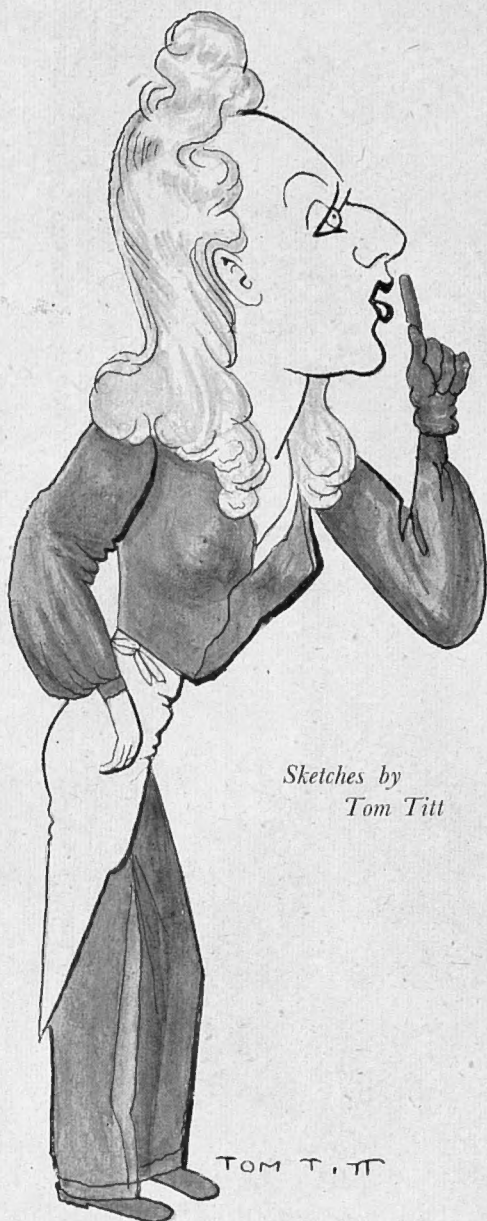
HOWEVER, the film company did its best to relieve our tedium. Dorothy McGuire has so much charm of the early Ellen Terry kind that in the end one forgives her for being half-witted. Mary Astor sits about beautifully. Florence Bates is good fun. Else Janssen, despite her Nordic name, is extremely good as an Austrian nurse. I suppose I ought to mention Robert Young, who goes through the nonsense with an aplomb suggesting that he can make his mind vacant at will. There are some glamorous settings, including a cottage which might be a wing of Buckingham Palace. And at the cottage, for the purpose of taking a simple American meal, arrive ladies in full evening dress bejewelled, becluttered and begyved, attended by handsome young men with a vocabulary of six words and an impeccable taste in dinner jackets. However, I sat the thing through and shall take the full complement of marks in spite of the fact that my vigil was under ninety minutes.



Russell Sedgwick

The Heroine of "Soldier's Wife"

Diana Churchill is now appearing on the West End stage again after three years' absence. During the past year she has been resting, on medical advice, after strenuous war-time tours all over the country with her husband, Barry K. Barnes. Playgoers and troops saw them in *On Approval* and *The Admirable Crichton*, and their last appearance was in *Tomorrow's Eden*. Diana Churchill's present play, *Soldier's Wife*, from the pen of Rose Franken (author of *Claudia*) is running at the Duchess Theatre, and Miss Churchill takes the part of a wife and mother who refuses to lose her head when confronted by the prospect of dazzling fame and wealth.



Sketches by
Tom Titt

"Hush, hush, the baby's asleep!" Diana Churchill as Katherine Rogers proves that her ruling emotion is maternal anxiety, not love of fame



Julian Dallas as John Rogers, soldier from the wars returning, smokes the pipe of a seriously threatened peace



Cuckoos in the Nest: Ronald Ward as the disillusioned interviewer carries on an unrequited flirtation with Florence Lane (Joan Marion) under the sceptical eye of his editress "Peter Gray" (Kathleen Kent)

The Theatre

"Soldier's Wife" (Duchess)

THIS is so definitely a play about women written by Miss Rose Franken for the entertainment of women that a man, though ready to swear that it is a very bad play, cannot be sure that it will not turn out to be a very popular one.

Many thousands of women may feel that the heroine is just their cup of tea. She is what they know themselves to be—with a romantic difference. In her place they would behave exactly as she behaves. She is such a sensible little thing, and yet she has all Miss Diana Churchill's breathless grace. While her "dumb," decent, tall, dark, handsome husband has been doing his characteristic bit on the Burma front she has been doing all the things in this little Chiswick flat that used to be his job—painting the furniture, mending the electric light, paying the bills, and in the midst of all these fascinating responsibilities darting away every five minutes to make sure that baby is not starting a temperature. How strange will be the homecoming! Dear John will return expecting to meet a wife and discover in her place a competent "war widow."

And John, when at last he appears, is terribly shy—so much a stranger that he kisses his sister-in-law before he turns to his wife. (Is the sister-in-law the complication that threatens the happiness of this pleasant pair? Apparently not. Then what? It is time that something happened.) John settles down and tells Katherine a little story which demands all that the audience can manage in the way of "a suspension of disbelief." In hospital he has given a dying man her letters to read. They have had a strangely exciting effect. The stranger has begged that he may send them home to his father, who is a publisher. What an odd thing to do, murmurs Katherine, all innocent bewilderment, but she supposes that there was no harm in it. Comes the telegram to say that the letters are to be published. The little suburban wife is an author. Will wonders ever cease?

THE second act opens in a hubbub of domestic detail. The book is on the eve of publication, and an interviewer is already on his way to write up the fortunate author. It turns out to be Mr. Ronald Ward. (Is he the complication? Well, yes, in a way, but before he can even seem to turn the wife's head he has a great deal to do.) He has to make farcical fun of an incompetent interviewer and be overtaken by his editress, an extremely smart journalist who has had mysterious access to all the reviews of the forthcoming book and knows that it is to be a "best seller."

Together they set about arranging matters so that fame and fortune shall burst with prodigiously explosive effect in the little Chiswick flat, shattering the symbolic cage of love-birds and blowing to shreds the hideous new cretonne loose covers. But the plans of the exploiters miscarry. Mr. Ward's literary hanger-on is after all nothing much in the way of a complication, but journalistic exploitation breaks down on simple character. Katherine is momentarily dazzled by the golden future that is offered her for the taking by her glittering new friends, but she really is a sensible little thing. Happiness for her lies in the suburbs, and there, with her nice dull husband, her wonderful baby and her love-birds, she decides to stay.

THE story might be a little more plausible in its original American setting: to ask us to "suspend disbelief" in paper shortages and income tax, and to believe that an author can become a millionaire overnight is asking a great deal. But in any setting the story can never have been a very good one. Its only possible merit is that it may seem to have caught the feminine angle, and if indeed it has that merit it will need no others. Miss Churchill, Mr. Ward, Miss Joan Marion, Mr. Julian Dallas and Miss Kathleen Kent give the piece every chance, and Mr. Peter Dearing directs with good judgment.

ANTHONY-COOKMAN



Swaebe

OLGA EDWARDS AT HOME

In Private Life She is Mrs. Nicholas Davenport,
Wife of the Economist and Author

Olga Edwards is now appearing with Leslie Banks and Hermione Baddeley in the thriller *Grand National Night*, by Dorothy and Campbell Christie, at the Apollo Theatre. She is photographed looking through a wrought-iron gate at her husband's beautiful period home, Hinton Waldrist, Berkshire. The house has many historical associations, and some Roman pottery was recently discovered there.

Her part in *Grand National Night* is Miss Edwards' first big West End role. She received her training in repertory at Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon, where she played many Shakespeare and Shaw heroines, including Juliet, Viola, and Eliza Doolittle. Her previous London appearance was at the Torch Theatre, in *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, where she played Vivie Warren. She has appeared in several films, and was one of Vivien Leigh's ladies-in-waiting in *Cæsar and Cleopatra*.



The traditional snowman is put in the shade by this cleverly-modelled snow owl at Zermatt

RETURN TO SKI-ING

Prospects for the Winter-sports Season in Switzerland This Year are Extremely Promising, Says Birnie Duthie, Who Also Took the Photographs

At all winter-sports resorts the Swiss are looking forward with pleasure to the return of their English visitors. Already hotels report heavy bookings and everyone is anticipating an exceptionally gay and interesting season.

Seven years has seen a big change in ski-ing technique and fashions, but the resorts themselves have changed little. Mürren and Wengen, for instance, still retain all their old charm, while the most noticeable change at Scheidegg is the ski-lift, which now runs from the station to the Lauberhorn shoulder. At Grindelwald, I was shocked to find a great blank space where the well-known Bear Hotel once stood, for this ill-fated hotel was once again burnt to the ground in the early years of the war.

The English visitors were badly missed at the Bernese Oberland winter-sports resorts, but places which were easily accessible from the big Swiss towns had very good seasons in spite of the war. Arosa, Davos and Gstaad are now considered to be among the largest and smartest resorts, and are especially popular with the Swiss week-end skiers.

Zermatt is now served by an excellent ski-lift up the Blauherd as well as the railway up to the Gornergrat. It is an excellent place for spring ski-ing and is likely to become a most popular resort. The picturesque village was

made very gay with flags and impressive examples of snow sculpture for the first post-war International Ski-ing Week held there last March. Ten nations competed in the races and the meeting was a great success.

As ski-lifts have been proved to be both profitable undertakings and an excellent method of uphill travel for skiers, most of the larger resorts now have a ski-lift.

It is still possible to hire skis, ski-sticks and boots in most centres; one can also buy them, but they are very expensive. Hickory skis are practically unobtainable, but various kinds of laminated skis can be bought. Kandahar bindings are still the most popular, and steel edges are now universal even on hired skis. Ski-sticks have altered little, but are slightly shorter than before the war.

An interesting innovation for those who like to climb is a new method of fixing skins to skis. The skis have small metal pieces fixed at intervals along the grooves, and corresponding metal pieces on the skins fit on to them. Owners of these skins claim they are a great improvement on the old methods.

The latest type of goggles for bad weather have a gap between the front and the side-pieces, and these are much more satisfactory than the 1939 model, for they do not fog-up.

The difficulties of waxing have been eliminated to a great extent by the newest types of ski-lac. These are about twice the price of the old ski-lacs but are far more effective, and have put all the old messy work with a hot iron and wax completely out of date.

The old type of gabardine ski-ing suit with long, baggy trousers is now seldom seen; the present fashion is to have tight-fitting *vorlage* trousers and a wind-jacket.

Vorlage trousers are not uncomfortable while ski-ing, but most people find it is more restful to wear slacks when the day's ski-ing is over. Skirts are still worn by a few of the expert lady skiers for spring ski-ing, but are not very practical.

The wind-jackets have padded shoulders to facilitate the carrying of skis and to give them a more fashionable shape, while many have no form of waist-fastening, but are worn loose after the style of the Swiss railway porter's blouse. Some coloured embroidery on these wind-jackets gives a decorative effect.

Many of the smartest Swiss skiers favour a one-coloured outfit following the fashion set by the Swiss Ladies' Team, which now wears tight black *vorlage* trousers and black sweaters for international races.

Caps when used are worn on the back of the head, with the peak turned up in the American

fashion, but as the wind-jackets have hoods for use in bad weather, caps are no longer essential.

THOSE people who left ski-ing equipment in Switzerland during the war would do well to write and inquire whether this is still safe. I heard no complaints about equipment that had been left at sports shops, but the hôteliers had a more difficult time guarding these treasures, as many of the hotels were used for housing enemy internees.

At one time the British Legation in Bern sent round a circular to hotels asking for clothing, boots and skis for the interned British prisoners of war. Some hôteliers refused to give up their clients' possessions, but others looked upon it as a command and sent off the equipment left in their care. Many of these articles were returned very much the worse for wear, and inevitably a few were missing. In other cases clothes which had been stored unwashed were completely destroyed by moths.

Small items which may interest intending visitors to Switzerland are that films and all other photographic materials are readily obtainable at reasonable prices. This also applies to cigarettes, which are very cheap. Matches will be found on the tables in the lounges and towels in the bedrooms. Hot water and heating are not up to pre-war standards as there is a lack of fuel, while all hôteliers complain of an acute shortage of staff.

Food in the hotels is excellent, but it is wise to remember that the tourist industry is an important factor in Switzerland and that food problems for the ordinary Swiss housewife are not so easy.

The Swiss Ski Schools are still flourishing and all the Ski School teachers now have to attend refresher courses. Visitors will find this has greatly improved the standard of teaching. The popular technique of the moment is to teach even novices the use of side-slipping and the Christiania turn as the mainstay of their ski-ing instead of the old stem turn. It is considered that the average novice learns control over the skis more quickly this way and, judging from the standard of the Swiss weekend skiers, this new method of teaching is a great success.

ALL popular ski-runs now have a track of hard snow about two yards wide running from the top to the bottom. This is called the *piste*. Newspaper reports of snow conditions no longer give the depth and type of snow, but simply state the condition of the *piste*. Places where the *piste* is bumpy or bare are quickly repaired by men employed by the local Kurverein for this purpose. Where the ground becomes very steep the *piste* divides, making one track for the experts and two or three easier ones for the less-venturesome skiers.

The British skier will probably think this new fashion of *piste* ski-ing sounds very unattractive. It has some advantages, however, for when snow conditions are difficult, there remains an easy way down on the *piste*. When the conditions are good, the hard-snow speed fiends are concentrated into narrow channels which can be avoided by those who have learned the joys of ski-ing on untracked snow.

I hear that the leading members of the Ladies' Ski Club, who have always been on the friendliest terms with their opposite numbers in the S.D.S. (Swiss Ladies' Ski Club), were invited to the International Ski Races at Zermatt last March. Plans were then made for potential Swiss and British women racers to train together under a Swiss trainer in the 1946-47 season.

The Ski Club of Great Britain (the membership of which never fell below 4500 members even in the worst days of the war) has been busy reorganising the Club tests to conform with the requirements of modern ski-ing. The Club expects to have representatives and judges at all the chief winter-sports resorts.

Mardens Ski Club, which is the best-known British racing ski club in Eastern Switzerland, will again make its headquarters at Klosters and is preparing to run two or more races a week over the Parsenn, while the famous Kandahar Ski Club will once more be active in the Oberland.



Group at Zermatt: Mrs. W. Tomkinson, Mrs. Oddie (Vice-President of the Ladies' Ski Club), Fräulein Helen Zingg (President of the Swiss Ladies' Ski Club), Miss Doreen Elliott (Vice-President of the Ski Club of Great Britain) and Fräulein Elsa Roth (Central Secretary of Swiss Ski Clubs)



A pause on the slope: Mrs. W. Tomkinson and Fräulein Elsa Roth at Zermatt



Miss Doreen Elliott on a Mürren ski-slope. She prefers short ski-sticks



Mlle. Georgette Thiollière, one of the best French lady skiers, shows how ski-caps are now worn



Mrs. Van den Berg, better known to British skiers as Baronin Schimmelpenninck

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL

LADY HARLECH, one of the two ladies of the Royal Household whom the Queen has chosen to accompany her to South Africa, has already a very considerable knowledge of that pleasant and interesting land, for her husband, Lord Harlech, spent three of the war years in the Union, occupying the responsible position of High Commissioner in South Africa for the United Kingdom Government, and also acting as High Commissioner for Basutoland, the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Swaziland, all three of which territories are included in Their Majesties' 2000-mile itinerary. In recent months Lady Harlech has been besieged by other members of the entourage who are making the trip for advice on conditions, climatic and otherwise, and the two Princesses have plied her with questions, too.

Of medium height, Lady Harlech is the possessor of an attractive personality and a strong sense of humour, as well as a considerable ability for organisation, which she will probably have to call into play frequently on the forthcoming tour, for even Royal journeys do not always go strictly and entirely according to plan, and rapid improvisation is occasionally necessary. Lady Harlech is a Cecil, being the eldest daughter of the fourth Marquess of Salisbury, and has her share of the Cecil brains. She has been an Extra Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty since 1941, and a close friend of both the King and Queen for many years before that. She and Lord Harlech have two sons and three daughters.

OTHERS GOING TO SOUTH AFRICA

HER MAJESTY'S other lady-in-waiting on the South African tour is to be gentle-voiced, quiet Lady Delia Peel, whose ease and charm of manner are well known at Court. For Lady Delia this Empire tour will be in exact contrast to the last long overseas visit undertaken by Their Majesties, when they toured Canada in 1939, for then she remained in London, charged with the pleasant duty of looking after the Princesses, whose guide and mentor she was on many of their expeditions around London during their parents' absence.

This time, Lady Delia may also take some part in accompanying the Princesses on their expeditions, for only one member of the "young household" is to go out in attendance on the Princesses—namely, Lady Margaret Egerton, most recently-appointed of Princess Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting, and there may well be occasions when a second lady-in-waiting will be needed for the Princesses. Lady Delia has been a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen since 1939 and, like Lady Harlech, is among Her Majesty's close friends. She has a family connection with the Court as well, for she is a sister of Earl Spencer, whose lovely wife is Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen.

Another member of the Royal party on the Queen's side who goes out to the Union with considerable foreknowledge is Her Majesty's newly-appointed Private Secretary, Major Thomas Cockayne Harvey, who was sent to the Staff College at Pretoria after winning his D.S.O. in the Apennines while fighting with the 24th Guards Brigade—he is in the Scots Guards—attached to the South African Armoured Division, which fought so splendidly in the Italian campaign. Major Harvey made many friends while in Pretoria, and has also valuable contacts in South Africa dating from those heroic days when he was a comrade-in-arms of the men from the Union.

Incidentally, if there are any golf matches to be arranged during the Royal tour, Major Harvey should be a stalwart for the visiting side. He plays from scratch, was twice selected

for Oxford, in 1938 and 1939, and would have been captain of the University in 1940 had the war not intervened. He is a Balliol man.

CRICKET AT SCONE PALACE

IT is splendid to find "country-house" cricket being played anywhere these difficult days, and the Earl of Mansfield is to be congratulated on once again raising an "Eleven" (mostly schoolboy contemporaries of his son) to play a visiting "Eleven" captained by the Earl of Southesk, who came over from Kinnaird Castle, Brechin. They played on the lovely cricket-ground at Scone Palace, the historic home of the Mansfields since the seventeenth century, when James VI. presented it to David Murray, afterwards Earl of Scone and Viscount Stormont. Scone Palace, like many big ancestral homes, is now let to a girls' school, and the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, who lived at Scone for some years after they were married, now live near by in Logie House, which is much smaller and easier to keep up.

Back to the cricket. The Earl of Mansfield won the toss and put his side in to bat first. This eleven was composed entirely of Etonians past and present, including P. Lindsay, who bowled for Eton this year. The visiting side was not entirely Etonian, and included G. C. Hoyer Millar, who kept wicket for Harrow this year and, I noticed, wore his Harrow cap to "keep" at Scone.

Among others in the elevens were the Earl of Mansfield's son, Viscount Stormont, who is at Eton, the Earl of Southesk's son, Lord Carnegie, Major Greville Stevens and his young son, Neil Ramsay, J. A. L. Douglas and J. G. Moncrieff. The home side won the match, largely due to their excellent fielding and the magnificent "bat-trick" performed by Lord Mansfield! A lively and entertaining game which everyone hopes will become an annual affair.

The Countess of Mansfield was there to watch her husband's victorious side when she was not busy entertaining their guests and dispensing cool drinks and tea. Their elder daughter, Lady Malvina Murray, was entertaining a party of her own contemporaries. The baby of the family, nineteen-months-old Lady Maryotta Murray, a fascinating little girl in a white coat and scarlet shoes, arrived after lunch with her Nanny and proceeded to toddle about among the guests.

Among those watching the match I saw Mrs. Greville Stevens and her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Peshall, the Hon. Mrs. Greville Baird, who came with her sister-in-law, Mrs. "Dochie" MacGregor; Mrs. Frank Douglas, who had Lord Manners' youngest son, Tom, in her party; Col. the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas, W/Cdr. and Mrs. Oakley Beuttler, Mrs. Ramsay, and Mrs. George Richmond with her daughter Susan, who was a bride a few days later.

ARNHEM FILM AT BALMORAL

THE KING has graciously commanded that a copy of the film *Theirs Is the Glory*, portraying the Battle of Arnhem, should be sent to Balmoral for Their Majesties to see simultaneously with its premiere in London, Arnhem and Ottawa on the second anniversary of Arnhem, Tuesday, September 17th. This historic episode has been re-enacted by actual survivors and eye-witnesses of the battle. The London premiere will take place at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and is in aid of the Airborne Forces' Security Fund, which has been inaugurated to assist dependants and relatives of the soldiers who were wounded or who did not return.

The Earl and Countess of Cardigan in the drawing-room of their beautiful home, Tottenham House, Savernake Forest, Wilts. Lord Cardigan is the Marquess of Ailesbury's son and heir. He married Lady Cardiean in 1944



Photographs by Dudley de Levigne

Lord and Lady Cardigan in the Italian Garden. Lord Cardigan was taken a prisoner by the Germans in 1940. He escaped, but after going on foot through France and Spain was recaptured. The reminiscences of his escape will soon be published

The Earl and Countess of Cardigan at Home

JOURNAL

SCOTTISH GARDENS

THIS year once again many lovely Scottish gardens have been open to the public, in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, in connection with the Gardens Scheme and the Queen's Nurses Pension Appeal in Scotland. The gardens of Her Majesty's old home, Glamis Castle, were open recently by kind permission of her brother, the Earl of Strathmore.

On Sundays and weekdays there have been many gardens to choose from, and these have included Cullen House, the Countess of Seafield's lovely home in Banffshire; Castle Milk, Lockerbie, Sir John Buchanan-Jardine's Dumfriesshire home; and the gardens at Mertoun, the Earl of Ellesmere's Berwickshire seat. Another lovely garden in that county open on Sundays was Manderston, belonging to Major Basilie.

At Castle Elie, in Fifeshire, kindly lent by the Misses Scott-Moncrieff, visitors could also see a fine exhibition of pictures in the house. Mr. Fleming Hamilton not only provided a lovely garden for people to enjoy at Craichlaw, Kincowan, but also a concert in the house, which was a splendid diversion on a wet Sunday, as so many of them have been this summer. Other kind Scottish garden-owners who have helped this scheme and given great enjoyment to so many who love gardens but who have no always gardens of their own, include Lord Sempill, Mr. John Drummond, Mr. M. S. Thomson, Col. Crookshank, Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Morton Robertson, Mrs. Mitchel Innes, Miss Christie of Cowden, Lord Clinton, Col. Ian Forbes, Sir Robert M'Vitie Grant and the Earl of Lauderdale.

EMPIRE NURSES MEMORIAL FUND

WRITING of a scheme to help nursing reminds me that I recently heard that the Queen has graciously consented to become Patron of the British Empire Nurses War Memorial Fund, founded to provide a memorial to the nurses and midwives of the Empire and Commonwealth who fell in the war of 1939-45, and the Princess Royal has consented to become the Vice-Patron.

The first object is to furnish a memorial chapel in Westminster Abbey, for which the Dean and Chapter have allocated the Upper Islin Chapel. The second is to provide a fund to benefit the nursing and midwifery professions in a way to be decided later. Helen Duchess of Northumberland is president of the Fund, and the Duchess of Marlborough is chairman. Lord Moran is chairman of the Appeals Committee. Serving on the Council are the wives of the High Commissioners of the Dominions. Lady Brabourne, wife of a former Governor of Bengal, is representing India, and Lady (Samuel) Wilson representing the Colonies. Other members include the Duchess of Abercorn, the Countess of Rosebery and Viscountess Davidson, M.P. The Hon. Secretary of the Fund is Miss Elise Gordon, to whom any donations to Dorset House, Stamford Street, S.E.1, would be welcome.

ANNIVERSARY DINNER FOR PILOTS

WHEN I met G/Capt. Douglas Bader just before he left on an aviation tour of Europe with General Doolittle, he told me that he and a committee have arranged a special Anniversary Dinner for all "Battle of Britain" pilots, to take place at the Belfry, in West Halkin Street, on Sunday, September 15th. Lord Dowding is taking the chair, and he hoped that many of those pilots who fought in that battle and are no longer in the Service would come to this reunion.



Princesses Christina, Margaretha, Birgitta and Desirée are the four pretty young daughters of the Swedish Heir-Apparent, Prince Gustav Adolph, and Princess Sibylle. They are three, eleven, nine and eight years old respectively, and are great playmates



Leapfrog: Little Princess Christina enjoys playing an important part in the game with Princess Desirée. Desirée is caught by the camera in mid-air



Game of Ball: Princess Christina puts in some hard concentration on where next to throw



Keen Horsewoman: Princess Desirée puts her knees into the saddle and urges her mount to look into the camera



Off for a Ride: Princess Desirée takes her younger sister for a ride and seems to have her hands full

Children of the Swedish Royal Family



Mr. H. F. Morriss's Foxtrot winning the Ebor Handicap, followed by Trimbush and Delville Wood

RACING AT YORK

Large Crowds Witnessed a Very Full Programme at One of the Most Popular Meetings of the Flat-Racing Season



Sir Eric Ohlson (owner of Dante) and Lady Ohlson watching the saddling -



Lord and Lady Bath and their daughter, Lady Caroline Thynne



Lord and Lady Herbert were among the spectators

A Royal Win

One of the most popular results was that of the Great Yorkshire Stakes, when the King's horse, Kingstone, beat the much-fancied French colt, Coaraze, on very heavy going. Other results included the brilliant win of The Bug in the Nunthorpe Stakes, and the victory in the Gimcrack of Petition, who beat the much-discussed Sayajirao by three lengths



Sir Francis Winnington and his wife. Lady Winnington was formerly Miss Anne Drury-Lowe



The Princess Royal, who took a great interest in the racing, with Miss Clayton



Lord Irwin, eldest son of the Earl of Halifax, and Colonel Wilson



Brigadier and Mrs. Scott-Cockburn with Mrs. Roger Ingham



The King's winner: Kingstone, with D. Smith up, returning to scale after winning the Great Yorkshire Stakes

A Prince and Princess on Their Hertfordshire Farm

Prince Friedrich of Prussia is running a model farm at Patmore Hall, Albury, Herts, with the assistance of his wife, formerly Lady Brigid Guinness, a daughter of the Earl of Iveagh. Prince Friedrich, who was formerly known as Mr. George Mansfield, is a grandson of the late ex-Kaiser, and spent four years as a farm labourer in Cumberland, Scotland and Berkshire. He became a farm student during the war



Princess Brigid with baby Prince Nicholas, who is four months old

PRISCILLA in PARIS "not . . .

NOWADAYS we seem to be having a good deal of flag-waving, speech-making, and setting-up of memorial plaques to liberators who fell in the streets. That is all right for the lucky people who came through safely, and to whom the Liberation of Paris was a merry festival, but there are, above all others, those who lost all that made life worth living, and to these people the fireworks and jollifications are quite the most cruel thing imaginable.

Besides which most of the speeches had an uncomfortable little party-politics twang about them and the whole occasion made me feel very much as our old friend Stalky must have felt when he said " . . . the volunteer cadet corps is broke up—disbanded—dead—putrid—corrupt—stinkin'—and if you look at me like that I'll slay you, too . . . Oh, yes, an' I'm going to be reported to the Head for swearin'!"

So I stayed on at Deauville, refused to reminisce, bathed in a thunderstorm, and disposed of what remained of a quite handsome cheque for play-performance royalties at the Bar du Soleil. Amazing how rose-coloured one's smoked glasses become after a couple of doubles. Not that we need dark glasses so very much these days, and belated newcomers are getting their tan out of bottles.

The wasp-waist fashion is a mistake just now. The tight little whaleboned girdles—Rochas, who invented them, also gave them the very apposite name of *guêpière*—leave traces of their nipping embrace on delicate skins. I don't think girls have ever been so lovely as they are in these years, and yet they hardly seem to get the same admiration that so many less lovely lovelies used to get when a plain, one-piece, knee-length (but skin tight) bathing suit was considered the acme of all that was daring in those far-off, pre-Other War days. Not that I regret those days that have provided such happy memories, but I rather resent the blasé attitude of to-day's youngsters towards each other. One hopes it is camouflage.

THE dancing of little Anna Nevada has been one of the highlights of many galas, and though I do not think she will ever attain to being a second Argentina, it reminds me to

write of that very great and very unique artist. Ten years have already passed since her sudden death in July 1936, and every year on that date her friends gather at her grave in the quiet cemetery near the Bois at Neuilly. This year they were more numerous than ever, and a tall mound was formed by the blue cornflowers and yellow *mimosas d'été* that were "Tonia's" favourite flowers. There were gorgeous wreaths and crosses, but there were also many humble little posies. Her admirers were countless and of all classes. The announcement of an Argentina dance recital meant that all seats were sold out in a few hours, seats that not everyone could afford. So, during the last years of her life, every time she came to Paris, one or two of her performances used to take place at the old Trocadero that could house over a thousand people. No seat cost more than 50 francs, and the cheapest were only 5.

How she managed to dance on that horrible concert platform with its rough boards that, in many places, were repaired with round-headed nails, no one knows, but she danced her finest programmes there, wore her loveliest frocks, smiled her most exquisite smiles, and was as wonderful as only she could be. This was the sort of thing that endeared Argentina to her countless unknown admirers, and the reason why, ten years after her death, so many people gathered to pay homage to her memory. She was still so young when she died that she leaves only the souvenir of perfection in her art, and as a great-hearted friend, also, she will never be forgotten.

I RETURNED to Paris in time to visit a certain film factory where a picture is being made in which one of the important scenes is the reproduction of the terrible fire of 1897 at the Bazar de la Charité, when the duc and duchesse d'Alençon and so many well-known people were burned to death. Survivors of the catastrophe have been engaged to give technical advice. But whether that advice has been taken remains to be seen. The hall where the fire broke out has been re-built and re-burned. Dare-devil "supers" have been engaged who are positive salamanders and seem to enjoy having their wigs singed off their heads and their clothes burned off their backs. Hundreds



Leaving the lodge, one of the many charming buildings on the estate. The farm workers' accommodation is of a very high standard



Standing in front of the granary, the Prince and Princess discuss an important—and very vocal—section of the stock

... a second Argentina"

of gallons of weird mixtures have been set alight (wish I could have canned a few litres), squads of firemen and soldiers have "given a hand," and the acting has been quite magnificent.

"Enfoncé, 'ollywood!" joyfully remarked a member of the company. I eyed him sadly. "Why," I asked, "try to out-do Hollywood since we, apparently, have no eye for the details that build up the Sensational and Spectacular in which it excels?" It was then that I was told the number of gallons, costumes, supers, and the miles of match-wood boarding, etc., involved. "But," I murmured, "talking of costumes, how comes it that I don't see the flat-heeled, ultra-pointed, boat-shaped, button-boots that were fashionable in those days instead of the cork-soled, clumpy monstrosities that the leather shortage has brought forth, and what about the feminine lingerie?" Well! What about it? Diffidently I made clear the fact that in the 'nineties—so strangely called "naughty"—underwear reached at least to its wearer's knees, and that the pretty legs I had seen revealed during the last hour or so were (and I think the sentence is apt) completely out of the picture.

Then I left before the producer could slay me.

Voilà!

● Jean Tessier, who has often been seen in French films in London, and his charming wife, Georgette, are one of the happiest of happily-married stage couples. But Jean is also one of the most absent-minded actors on earth, and this often gets him into trouble in public life. At home, however, it works out differently. "Being the wife of such an absent-minded man must be a terrible job," someone said to Georgette the other day. "On the contrary," she answered, "especially just now. If, at eight o'clock, I give Jean a toothpick, he thinks he has had his dinner!"



At the lodge gate. The Prince and Princess were married just over a year ago in the parish church of Little Hadham



German prisoners on the farm working hard to get the harvest in and beat the bad weather, which set everything back



Bringing in the hay. The tractor is not so picturesque as the hay wagon with its towering load, but it does the job quicker



Mr. and Mrs. Attlee being greeted by Mr. Rank in the foyer on their arrival

THE PRIME MINISTER SEES "LONDON TOWN"

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Attlee were among the audience at the world premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre of Mr. J. Arthur Rank's latest film "London Town." The picture has the distinction of being the first British large-scale Technicolor musical. Sid Field, the comedian, makes his first screen appearance in it, and the other stars include Greta Gynt, Claude Hulbert, Tessie O'Shea, Petula Clark, Beryl Davis and Kay Kendall



Sheila Bligh, Pamela Kay, Sid Field, Dorothy Cuff and Pauline Johnson



The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were among the guests



Lord Brabazon of Tara and Lady Brabazon, who were also present



Sir George Franckenstein, formerly Ambassador in London



Linden Travers, who starred in the recent film "Beware of Pity," and Mr. G. Lyon



Irina Baronova, the ballerina, who has come to England to take part in a film, and Mr. Harry Foster



Mr. George Pitcher with Petula Clark, aged fourteen, who has an important part in "London Town"



Jack Warner, the comedian, and his wife prepare to have a "rill thrill"



Sir Clarence Sadd, Chief General Manager of the Midland Bank, and Lady Sadd



Deborah Kerr reading her programme. She has just finished making the film "Black Narcissus"

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing



A NEWS-ITEM about the forthcoming extension of the Guards' big country camp at Pirbright, near Aldershot, did not mention the hand-baggage problem, in which a friend of ours is keenly interested.

Meeting his youthful heir, who had recently acquired a commission in the Brigade, at Victoria Station early in the war, this chap made a noisy *faux pas* by apparently expecting the warrior, in the absence of porters, to carry his own bag to the taxi. After an embarrassing pause he carried it himself, and being a lawyer skilled in all kinds of legal vexation, he went into the matter with his offspring over the nuts and wine that same night. The cross-examination developed thus:

"You don't carry bags in the Brigade?"

"Well, it isn't done."

"Or anything else?"

"I suppose not."

"I put it to you that if you were lunching at Henley with a lot of chaps in the Brigade and a sweet little actress leaped into your arms, as actresses will, you wouldn't drop her forthwith?"

"No, I suppose not."

"You'd carry her to the punt, in defiance of discipline, good form, and Brigade regulations?"

(Pause)

"I could always call a man."

"I see. But you'd be holding your exquisite burden till he arrived?"

"I don't suppose the other chaps would mind."

"Mind! Anybody'd think you belonged to the Manchester Regiment!"

A prolonged shudder shook the warrior's graceful frame, and he seized the decanter and changed the subject. However, he was pretty decent about bag-carrying henceforth, and beguiled the time on the platform, while a menial was summoned from home by telephone, with many amusing stories of Brigade life.

Service

GIVING the lowdown on international air travel conditions at the moment, a sour Special Correspondent seemed to be implying that it is much faster, easier, cheaper and pleasanter to walk. He overlooked the fact that if you feel ill while walking you don't have ravishing air-hostesses in Hungarian gipsy-costume leaning over you with dainty paper bags, trilling brightly: "Good morning! This is Swiftsure Airways wishing you *instant* relief!"

Business men in America demand these attentions, a true business man never being too ill to roll a bloodshot eye at a toothsome wench. The same applies to those crystal voices on your bedside 'phone in expensive New York hotels at 8 a.m. saying it's a lovely morning and this is the Magnifique-Plaza hoping you've had a wonderful night. Only once have we known a business man fail to toss his throbbing head archly and reply with boyish abandon. He was a publisher.

And only once, and while walking, did we ever need service of this kind. It was in the Plain of the Cerdagne, at the end of a long day's tramp, and like the Ancient Mariner we walked in fear and dread, because we knew a frightful fiend did close behind us tread. A gay, tactful hostess in Hawaiian costume could have re-introduced us, thus ending a painful silence which lasted till next morning. Or at any rate we could have spoken over her fair lifeless body, if only to quarrel over the spade.

Forecast

A THINKER suggesting in one of the papers that the Government should round up a few modern poets, shave, brand, disinfect, and number them, and pop them in the cooler under an armed guard till they produce some verse glorifying the New Utopia forgot, perhaps, that well-known lyric forecast by Marlowe which more or less covers everything. Viz:

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That Whitehall's lavish bounty spreads
Upon our numb and shaven heads.

A tiny hut of purest tin,
And narks that prowl and probe therein,
The hourly form, the nightly cell,
Shall make our life one merry hell.

In boiler-suits of neatest gray
We'll queue for everything all day,
And number-plates in dainty frames
Shall compensate the loss of names.

Ten thousand systems of control
Shall bind your body and your soul,
And when with these delights you're through,
A Plain State Van shall call for you.

The back-room boys at the Mermaid Tavern pulled Marlowe's leg considerably when he recited this, laughingly deeming him to be cuckoo or plastered. What fun it must have been to hear those merry, brilliant, yet never cruel quips. Rather like bath-night at the Green Room Club, we often think.

Saga

NO doubt, as a sensitive chap was complaining recently, the locals of Iceland weren't very nice to our troops during the late war. But were the locals of Iceland ever nice to anybody?

An authority on the Icelandic Sagas assures us that all that clumsy, desperate, harrying, hacking, and hewing which fills the working-day of the ancestral Iceland boys was due partly to the appalling dullness of Icelandic conversation and partly to the dazed, dumb expression of those typical round blue eyes, which sent so many Nordics berserk, howling and biting like dogs. In fact, this authority said, a great deal of the Finnboga and Vatsndaeler Sagas curiously recalls the Forsythe Saga, though nobody as loathsome as Soames Fish Face could exist many years in Iceland without being axed by some impulsive thinker named Skum or Odd. Soames gets away with it in the Forsythe Saga owing to his magic shirt Heinemann ("Netsalesbringer"), if we remember rightly.

Afterthought

THIS may suggest why the Icelanders chiefly gave our chaps a cool reception. They realise, possibly, that their local witches, though good at charming shirts, aren't a patch on the jolly witches of Lapland, for instance, and certainly not a patch on some of our literary British sweethearts of the P.E.N. Club who fly and service their own broomsticks. In two words, stinking jealousy.

Change

HERR ARNOLD-JOSEF ROSÉ, who played under Brahms and died at Blackheath recently, was first-violin of the Vienna Philharmonic for the astonishing period of 57 years; which makes one think, painful as that process may be.

When Herr Rosé rosined his first public bow about 1880, girl harpists wore protective bustles and conductors white kid gloves, signifying that their orchestra's crime-sheet was clean up to that performance. When Brahms came on the platform everybody stopped fooling at once and the boys gave of their best, the tenor trombones taking great care with their slides and causing no contusions, and the oboes ceasing to harry their shrinking harpist sweethearts. Morale continued high, in fact, till the 1900's, when the publication of an erotic work called *Love-Letters of a Violinist* threw your grandmother into a shuddering ecstasy and the international string world into dismay. Very soon music-lovers all over the world were hurling at respectable first-violins such epithets as "Cad!" (London), "Type énigmatique!"



"Yes, I got a good look at him—40 chest, 38 waist, 34 leg, 28 sleeve"



"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Rogers, I'm practically certain it's not loaded!"

By ...

(Paris), "Mucker!" (New York) and "Hertzhandlungsgehilfenverbandsführer!" (Berlin). After this scandal first-violins—except for Herr Rosé and one or two more valiant spirits—ceased to care and the Team-Spirit went all to hell.

To-day we see, in the BBC Symphony Orchestra, an esprit-de-corps which is the envy of the world. Whatever their playing may be like, those boys set an example of iron discipline which has made orchestras cease to revolt the nostrils of decent chaps. Whether this is due to love or fear of Trainer Boult we hope to discover, on your behalf, very shortly.

Twist

ONE of those educational fuss-pots who can't leave anything good alone has been giving tongue, we observe, on the undesirability of the nursery-tale of Red Riding-Hood, which (she thinks) develops latent savagery in the young owing to that final belt Red Riding-Hood gives the Wolf with her little chopper.

Well, if it does, one can think of no "modern" twist which would make it any better. Take an obvious one:

R.R.H.: What lovely big white teeth you have, Grandma!

WOLF: Yes, my dear. Daily and nightly use of JUMJOY ensures that exquisite pearly freshness—

R.R.H.: Sounds like one of Izzy Burpstein's youts to me.

WOLF (surprised): Do you know any of the publicity boys, my dear?

R.R.H.: Me? I'm crazy about 'em.

WOLF (excitedly): Izzy and Joe and Spike and Rusty!

R.R.H.: Ted and Smiler and Pete!

WOLF: Just dreamers.

R.R.H.: Just poets.

WOLF: I'm a fool for those publicity ducks myself.

R.R.H. (primly): Careful, Grandma.

WOLF: Listen, I was round at the Club the other night—stop me if you've heard it . . .

The gist of the Wolf's story is that every girl should be a Rotarian ("Service, Not Self") and that in business you must have Ideals, or Ideals. After which, as we see it, Red Riding-Hood and the Wolf go out for a walk with the spirit of Rotary, and the Spirit of Rotary gets sick of it and pushes them over a cliff. What else could he do? It happens every day.

Lesson

NOTING that the impulsive British Museum boys have offered the discoverers of the superb Romano-British Mildenhall Treasure £1000 apiece—4 per cent. of the estimated value, unless we err—we reflected that there has at least been no display of terrorism by Auntie Times, as at the discovery of the Tut-anekh-Amun Treasure. On which occasion, as is recorded for Posterity, an infantry platoon armed with ball-cartridge at the locked tomb backed Auntie's claim to exclusive world-news-rights.

Before the Valley of the Kings was drowned in blood the monopoly was cleverly bust by three dauntless Fleet Street aces, fortunately. We've since asked two of them, H. V. Morton and Valentine Williams, why they didn't deliberately invite the bullets of Auntie's bashibazouks and perish magnificently, pointing out what a national funeral Fleet Street would have given them; mountains of wreaths, great lords and even news-editors in tears, terrific fiery speeches on Honour and Self-Sacrifice and the Freedom of the Press, burial in the Abbey, and all the tralala. They said modesty forbade. Moreover it would only have encouraged Auntie to establish a reign of terror and murder country clergymen for not keeping their letters on butterflies short enough.

What a lesson for us all! How odious are the frenzies of *spiritual pride*, how lovely the practice of *true humility*.



Audrey (aged fourteen) on Spring, and Gillian (aged twelve) on Silversand, exercising two ponies in a paddock near their home



An eager welcome for the sisters as they arrive at the stables with the harness for an early-morning ride



"What about taking me to a dog show?" asks the spaniel, as some of the 400 trophies are displayed



Audrey and Gillian are not only expert riders, but look after every detail of their horses' management and well-being

Two Successful Sisters

Audrey and Gillian Taylor, of Liphook, Hants, have won over 400 prizes between them at horse shows all over the country. Audrey won the Juvenile Jumping Championship at the National Horse Show this year at the White City, and Gillian won the Reserve Championship for the best pony. They are the daughters of Mr. Frank Taylor, a civil engineering contractor

SCOREBOARD



IT is eighty-five years since an England cricket team first sailed to Australia. More than half the side were Surrey. The leading Northern professionals refused the terms, £150 and all expenses, and made rude remarks about Surrey's H. H. Stephenson, who

took on the captaincy. The voyage took ten weeks. Ah! the rubbers of whist that must have been played, the unreliable cricket stories that must have endured in silent agony. Ten thousand people met the cricketers at Melbourne on Christmas Eve, 1861, and our team were driven in a coach-and-four to an official reception. Stephenson, who had a strong head, returned thanks with Gladstonian oratory.

The tour opened with a match against eighteen of Victoria, and the band played "God Save the Queen" when the Englishmen took the field. Each of them wore a light hat, shaped like a helmet, and a sash and hat ribbon of a colour corresponding to that which was set down on the score-card against each man's name. England won easily. They only lost twice, against teams of twenty-two. Innocent dawn of international rivalry! No Body Line. No Boards of Control.

The tour was not sponsored by the M.C.C., but by Messrs. Spiers and Pond. I like to picture the start, at Liverpool Docks. Mr. Spiers, I doubt not, first made a tactful little speech: "Porpoises and dolphins, I believe, will be frequently observed athwart your bows, and either on the starboard or the larboard quarter, objects of interest will be continually descried. Gentlemen, you take our confidence and our good wishes." "And," interjected the more laconic Mr. Pond, "our money." Anyhow, the firm netted £11,000 from the tour. Walter Hammond and his men have sailed on a pussyfoot ship. Bad management, somewhere.

SEA-HO. My own experience of foreign cricket is confined to Portugal and Jersey. En route to Lisbon I took, and still treasure, a photograph of the chef, a corpulent Dutchman, scanning the distant main with the eye of one who knew how to cook everything that swam in it. I awoke on the first morning to see my cabin-mate standing with nothing on but his club tie. "When did we leave Paris?" he observed.

The tour went on like that. At Oporto, our second-best opening bowler was lured away by his host to distinguish between white port and red, and, arriving late in the afternoon of the first match, he bowled three consecutive vertical wides. When a storm broke over the ground, a dozen little men with basins and sponges rushed out and scooped the water, as being an irrelevant fluid, off the pitch. In England, we don't do any sponging of the pitch. We just look at it and grumble. At one end of the little ground at Oporto was a vast cemetery. There is something conclusive and apropos about a six which rattles among the grave-stones.

Parataggos or joggos, or Sports of All Sorts catered for.

IN Jersey, our umpire fell into controversy with a spectator who kept shouting, "No-Ball. I can see it from here." Later, we met this keen-sighted gentleman in social intercourse, and he explained his conduct by saying, "Cricket matches become dull unless you interfere from time to time."

R. Robertson Glasgow.

Irish Racing

Visitors to Phoenix Park Races, Where the Enniskillen Plate was Won by Mr. R. McIlhagga's Impeccable



Margaret Countess of Kimberley (centre) with Mrs. Luke Lillingston, mother of the Earl of Harington by her previous marriage, and her son, Martin Lillingston



Mrs. George Robinson, wife of the Irish owner and trainer, and her sister, Viscountess Jocelyn, wife of the Earl of Roden's son and heir



Lady Mahon, wife of Sir George Mahon, Bt., and Mrs. R. Turner, whose husband is official Handicapper of the Irish Turf Club for flat racing



The Hon. Geoffrey Browne, younger brother of Lord Oranmore and Browne, and his wife. They were married in June of this year



Mrs. Jack Dunfee, who is the wife of the racing motorist, with Mrs. B. Harcourt-Wood



Lieut.-Col. Harold Boyd-Rochfort, M.B.E., Lady Zia Wernher, and Col. Sir Harold Wernher, K.C.V.O.

Poole, Dublin

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

COLONEL ANTHONY ST. LEGER promulgated the idea of his great race at that dinner at the Old Red Lion Hotel in Doncaster in 1774, and though he tried his hardest, he never won the event, which ultimately was named after him. The Leger was first run in 1776 on Cantley Common and not on the Town Moor, and the distance was two miles, and so remained until 1812. It is three years the senior of the Derby, and was not called the St. Leger until the third year of its existence, when at a race dinner at Doncaster, it occurred to somebody that it would be but a graceful compliment to the founder to call it by his name.

For many years it hardly kept its nose above water, and in 1785 the subscribers dwindled to five, and it was not until 1809 that the Doncaster Executive got more than fifty entries; but from that year onwards it went forward in standing leaps, and became a much greater ante-post betting medium than the Derby, and so, to a very great extent, it has remained. The Derby is always more or less a dive into the dark with very little real form to help either the plunger or the prophet: by the time the Leger arrives—and that is now—we think, at any rate, that we have all the cards face upwards on the table.

That is what has been thought in the past, and is still thought in the present. But how that extra 2 furlongs, 32 yards does upset things! Animals that looked worth backing for all the gold in the Bank of England have stopped as if they were shot after, or even before, they had covered the distance of the rogues' $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, whilst some who failed to stay even the distance of the Rowley Mile have confounded all the sages and won quite comfortably.

And How Now?

WE have got to make up our minds right now as to whether (a) a Yorkshire roar will acclaim the winner; (b) whether we shall be able to cheer a Newmarket horse home, or (c) whether the invader from Chantilly will defy his wartime privations and flourish his tail in the face of all his challengers. If Nirgal wins he will set up a record, for no French-trained horse has ever won the Leger. Two French-bred and French-owned horses have won it, but the Count Lagrange's Gladiateur (1865) and the same owner's Rayon d'Or (1879) were both English-trained (T. Jennings), and ridden by English jockeys, Gladiateur by H. Grimshaw, Rayon d'Or by J. Goater. Both colts were foaled in France; but Nirgal is French-bred, French-owned and French-trained (Charles Semblat). E. C. Elliott, who rides him, was foaled in England at Newmarket, and has gained almost as much fame in France as he has in this country, where he has ridden the winners of all the classics, bar the Leger. Nirgal will lack nothing in his pilot.

Even a blind man must be able to see that the combination is a formidable one. I suggest, however, that the thing most worthy of note is the terrific form in which M. Boussac's horses are. If Semblat has not been able to find out to the last ounce how good Nirgal is, then he does not deserve to be called a trainer. As a matter of fact, we know that he is first-class. So if the Frenchmen are so sure, we know that they must have some very solid ground beneath their feet. Marsyas II or Caracalla II, to say nothing about any others in the stable, must have been able to give Semblat a very direct and convincing answer.

The wise ones say that there is a hole in Nirgal's pedigree via Goya, and that he is apt to have a pain in his temper. I advance nothing on these points, for I have no first-hand evidence, but that which I do emphasise is, that there has been every chance to try this colt good enough to win any Leger. The ante-post betting does not tell us any more than that some people think the price has been good enough.

Our Defence

WE know that we have a stout-hearted front-line soldier in Airborne and that, however lazy he may be at home, the moment he gets the real scent of battle, he is spoiling for a fight. Personally, I feel that we do not yet know how good this upstanding grey is, for only Fast and Fair, in a peculiar race, so far has stretched his neck. If Nirgal or any other can beat him, good luck to them. Another purely personal opinion is that the Leger course is cut to fit Airborne, and that the Gold Cup one next year might prove to be an even better fit. He puts them down right, and there is no waste of energy, and best of all, perhaps, he has shown us that, when asked to turn the tap on full, he has that brilliant quality which belongs only to the horse shod with fire, and, lacking which, none achieve real greatness.

Gulf Stream will fight it out to the last ditch, and there will be no flinching. He is ridden by one of the best jockeys in England, especially over a long journey, and despite his two failures in our classics so far, his friends and admirers, quite rightly, stick to him. As to Radiotherapy, he was as heavily swamped in the Two Thousand by Happy Knight as he and the rest of them were by Airborne in the Derby. On his breeding there is no reason why he should not stay, but I do not suppose that even a casual observer would have failed to note that he had had all he wanted at the finish of the Derby. His recent Goodwood win in the 'Sussex States over' a mile told us nothing beyond that he is a better proposition than Aldis Lamp at that distance.

Next White Jacket, Lord Durham's colt by Trimdon out of White Wings by Hyperion. What a grand combination of staying blood, but all that we know so far as the book is concerned is that he finished fourth of a heavily-defeated field in the Derby, and that he had a nice stripped gallop in the $1\frac{1}{2}$ -mile Holderness Plate at Redcar on August 10th. Nevett could not hold him back to the only other runner. Both he and Airborne will like the flat galloping course at Doncaster, though in justice it must be said that to the latter all seems to come alike.

Last-minute Shocks

FIRST came the one about White Jacket, who, on a report that he had "a sore heel"—whatever that was intended to convey—went out from 8-1 to 10-1. That was on August 19th; on the 21st he returned to his former price, as a result, presumably, of his trainer's assurance that there was no justification for any scare. But scare there undoubtedly was; and the people who always know everything went so far as to say "cracked heel." Of course, it was not possible to take any notice of this, because, in the first place, such a thing is almost unthinkable in connection with a first-class training establishment; and in the second place, if it had been true, they might just as well have put the pen through the horse's name at once, for they would have had to let him down as well as apply the customary remedies for this form of equine eczema. However, all seems well!

Next came the Airborne shock. Everyone expected him to make mincemeat of the whole fleet of them in that $1\frac{1}{2}$ -mile Stuntney Stakes at Newmarket on August 21st. He started at 11-4 on; when he finished he was lucky, so I thought, to make a dead-heat of it with Fast and Fair. If he is allowed to loafe along in the Leger as he was in this race, he might easily be beaten; but it is impossible to believe that the same mistake will be made twice. The time was very poor, and the course was fast. The record for the Suffolk Course is 2.29 3-5ths: the Stuntney Stakes was run in 2.36 1-5th. Obviously this grey is bone lazy.

With a good stayer like this you can afford to wait exactly where you want to, and the best spot is close up to the fighting line.



Victor Hey

Tunny-fishing Again

Tunny-fishing off Scarborough has started again for the first time for six years. The first big fish was landed recently by Mr. H. N. Lees (in mackintosh), Dr. Deiter and Mr. M. E. M. Wild, from the yacht Georgiana. The fish weighed 532 lb. and was caught after a 40-minute fight



Anning, Ilkley

At the Sheep Dog Trials

The Earl and Countess of Sefton, with Mr. Vincent Routledge, were visitors at the English National Sheep Dog Trials held at Denton Park, Ilkley, Yorkshire. Mr. Routledge had two dogs, Lark and Craig, entered for the Show. Lady Sefton was formerly Mrs. Josephine Armstrong Gwynne

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK

"The Scarlet Tree"

"The River"

"Old Marylebone and Some"

"THE SCARLET TREE" (Macmillan; 15s.) is the second volume of Sir Osbert Sitwell's autobiography—which as an entire work is to bear the name the author gave the first volume, *Left Hand, Right Hand!* The idea implicit in that title informs, and continues to architect, this present further development of the life-story—whose beautiful, decorative, somewhat puzzling name derives from the old anatomists' belief that the blood formed a growing tree within the human body. To this, the Blake-like wrapper-drawing directs, at the outset, the mind's eye; while the end-papers bear the print of the two hands.

The sense of a design being unfolded, of masterful preconception, is never lost—the material of this autobiography, in itself so diverse and often dazzling, has been not merely assembled; it is *contained*. Here would seem to reside the essential difference between the document and the work of art. The majority of autobiographies are documents—confidential, winning, always easy to read, but in the main formless; gestures of resignation to the apparent formlessness of life. Sir Osbert Sitwell, being an artist, does not, and, I imagine, could not, see life—either his own, or the substance and tissue of lives round him—in that way. It is not enough, in his case, to be, as autobiographer, his own subject; he must, here as elsewhere, perceive form.

The first volume, *Left Hand, Right Hand!*, closed, you may remember, with the painting by Sargent of the Sitwell family group. The pause at such a point was significant. *The Scarlet Tree* opens upon the hanging of the picture, at a Renishaw wherein the psychic weather has somehow darkened and changed. Children, with their ignorance of cause, are the first to register such changes—there remains something childish, in after life, in one's drop in mood, one's shiver of apprehension, when a cloud slides its steely shadow across the sun.

Eight to Eighteen

LOOKING back [Sir Osbert says] I . . . am obliged to allow that this portrait focussed and summed up personalities and things, and the ways to which life had been pointing. It cut across our lives. After it was finished, everything, so far at least as I was concerned, was noticeably different.

Now that I was a little older, I began to comprehend more fully the world around me; people said, and I understood what they said, though even now saying and understanding were only the brittle crust that formed over the deep chasms and gullies of feeling. But the surfaces of the earth were cooling for me; the sunrise, with the mysterious hints which it had carried from the darkness out of which it came, was over, and its intimation of a glory beyond the ken of man was fading. The light, though still strange and beautiful, and peculiarly clear, was fast becoming daylight. . . . Nevertheless, life was full, so full. Its force bubbled and brimmed over. . . .

Rendering of that "peculiarly clear" light is one great aesthetic victory of *The Scarlet Tree*. In this volume, we have the author from eight to eighteen. The observation, speculation and conflict of later childhood and early adolescence appear: narration is more direct than in *Left Hand, Right Hand!* In that first volume the author, with extraordinary skill, at once, established the background and facts necessary for our appreciation of the story, and reproduced the diffused sensations of infancy: he was thus alternately drawing on adult knowledge and re-creating, poetically, the non-factual, sensuous climate of his first years. *The Scarlet Tree* gains by having the, as it were, preface of *Left Hand, Right Hand!*—no explanations are necessary, the scene has been set, the 'personages in the story have been placed: Sir George Sitwell, Lady Ida, the Londesborough grandparents and the Sitwell grandmother and aunts, the author's brother and sister, the old nurse, the manservant, Henry Moat, are already known to the reader.

As are houses and places—Renishaw, Scarborough, the grandmother's house in Surrey, Known; but still only at their beginning: in *The Scarlet Tree* they are to be expanded, and at the same time penetrated into, further, in terms of the sensibility of a growing boy. Erratic intelligence—the intelligence of from eight to eighteen, when will or mood can switch the brain on or off—also does its work.

Bubbling and Brimming

WHAT Sir Osbert describes as the "force" of life has been captured, no less, in *The Scarlet Tree*. The book is full of impacts; and no sensation gives out an anything but clear, sharp ring. Here we have a picture of a boy for whom everything was definite twice over—a boy for whom heredity was environment, having richness, positiveness and depth (life for the child of a great family may not be more meritorious, but is, let us face it, more savorous and interesting), and a boy who never lost the sensation of the newness of his own life, of not having lived before.

Arguably, for the artist there are no repetitions: at any age, what happens happens for the first time. But the actual first times, especially in childhood, are momentous. Momentousness characterises every experience in this book about youth—the bus ride round London (incidentally, an unparalleled "period" picture), the first morning in Italy, the first love in Oxfordshire, the arrival at the brutalising preparatory school. Equally, Sir Osbert can give a generalised, or collective, picture—the Christmas house-parties at Blankney (from the schoolroom angle), a view of Edwardian beauties descending a staircase *en grande tenue*, the at once meaty and rose-and-mauve insipidity of an Edwardian musical comedy.

It seems to me notable that in England we have, as compared to France, almost no great writers about Society—its historic and monumental aspects, its rich and authoritative unconsciousness, its shifting values. In this aspect alone, the almost unique importance of Sir Osbert Sitwell cannot be over-rated: he anatomises not a single life but an age. . . . The delights of reading *The Scarlet Tree* are too many to, worthily, summarise. It would be, for instance, impossible to have too much of Henry Moat: here, we close with Henry's connection with the Camorra. Interiors, dress, landscapes, weather rise from page after page, to suffuse the imagination. Intrinsically satisfying, the scenes here appear in something more than their own right: they are chapters in the genesis of an artist.

Children in India

RUMER GODDEN is, in my own view, one of the most interesting of our younger women novelists. Her latest book, *The River* (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.), is short, but haunting—and, as myself a novelist, proof against most devices of fiction, I am not easily haunted in this way. The story turns, it is true, on the realisation, for one child, of a dread which has probably haunted most children's minds—that of being responsible for another's death. Harriet's silence on the subject of the cobra in the garden, and the terrible outcome of that silence, might, in another epoch, have been made the subject of a cautionary tale. To-day, its interest, though tragical, is different: the stress is on the temperament of the child. Harriet's reluctance to give away Bogey's secret, confided to her only, seems explicable, natural: I worried a little about it—but so, after all, did she.

In *The River*, we have a family of four children, not sent home to England because of the war. Their father is the manager of a jute factory; the little British community of the works is their grown-up world. Pastmistress in the art of describing houses and family atmospheres, Miss Godden has fully brought to life the house in Bengal; the garden gay with flowers



Gordon Anthony

Michael Kidd in "Petrouchka"

One of the leading dancers of the Ballet Theatre season at Covent Garden which ended recently was Michael Kidd, who in spite of his youth interpreted the puppet in *Petrouchka* with deep understanding wedded to great technical achievement. He is a New Yorker and deserted chemical engineering for the ballet, his first appearance being in Max Reinhardt's *The Eternal Road*, where he understudied the leading dancer, Benjamin Zemach

REVIEWS

of Its Famous People"

all through the winter; the river which, in everlasting motion past the foot of the garden, becomes to Harriet the sometimes comforting, sometimes overpowering symbol of the continuity of life. Harriet, that vital, rough little girl with the nascent sensibilities of a poet, is the centrepiece (and masterpiece) of the book. She is at the age when everything matters.

Conversation

THE personalities of the four children are perfectly realised in what they say—this technique of Miss Godden's, which I admire, by-passes what might have been, from another pen, pages of analytical and descriptive writing. In fact, I find the very shortness of *The River* a hall-mark of high accomplishment. Here, for instance, is a scrap of family dialogue—

I might be [says Harriet] a doctor. It would be wonderful to be a doctor, to save people's lives, and give your own life up." The vista was exciting. "Wonderful," said Harriet. "Wouldn't you like that, Bea?"

No," said Bea. "I want my life for myself." Harriet was too truthful to deny that she did too, and she tore herself away from the thought of being a doctor. . . . "Perhaps I shall be a great dancer," she said aloud, "or a politician and make speeches." I thought you were going to be a poet," said Bea.

Well . . . I am a poet," said Harriet. You will be what you are. You will have to be," said Nan, who was unconcernedly darning. "the end everyone is what they are." But how shall I know?" said Harriet, chafing. "Bea, what will you be? An actress? Or a hospital nurse? Or a doctor? A great doctor? When you are grown up, what will you be?" How can I tell till I get there?" asked Bea. But say. You must say. You must be something." I shall wait till I am," said Bea, tolerantly, "and then be it."

Many strands of emotion run through this book. There is the love of Captain John, tortured young ex-prisoner of war, psychically as well as physically injured, for Bea, the tranquil, irrefutable child-woman. There is the expectation, on the part of the children's mother, of the coming new baby, and the mother's attempts to have a talk on such matters with Bea and Harriet. There is in the background, always, consciousness of the war, and the children's effort to realise the world's tragedy in their own terms. There is Captain John's inspired, almost speechless comforting of Harriet, on the evening of her terrible day. And on that same day, to the prostrate child, there are the words of the half-caste nurse, Nan, out of her visionary common sense.

Marylebone

LONDON-LOVERS, and particularly Marylebone residents, should not miss *Old Marylebone and Some of Its Famous People*, a delightful compilation by the Rev. H. J. Matthews, Rector of St. Marylebone (distributors, Simpkin Marshall; price 2s. 6d.). The book celebrates, aptly, the centenary of the Browning wedding in this church. Bacon, Dickens, Charles Wesley, Nelson and Byron had, also, connections with St. Marylebone.

THE FIGHTING FIFTH is a souvenir booklet describing the war record of one of the Empire's most valiant Divisions, the Fifth Indian. In this Division, British and Indian troops, fighting shoulder to shoulder, took part in the conquest of Abyssinia, the retreat to El Alamein, and the defeat of the Japanese threat to India and subsequent campaign in Burma. The book tells simply, but most effectively, of the Division's immense achievements. It is produced under the authority of the Director of Public Relations, War Department, Government of India. J. M.



Baron

Constant Lambert: a Churchillian Study

Constant Lambert has in recent years risen to be one of Britain's most distinguished and popular musical figures, and has won equal distinction as composer, conductor and critic. As musical director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet he has contributed greatly to the success of the company's season at Covent Garden, and is again this year one of the conductors at the Promenade Concerts at the Albert Hall. His musical gift was given early recognition when he was the first English composer to be commissioned by Diaghileff to write a ballet for the Russian company. It was a version of *Romeo and Juliet*, and was produced in Monte Carlo when he was only twenty. His most widely known work is *The Rio Grande* for chorus, pianoforte and orchestra, and other works include a piano concerto, a piano sonata, and the suite *Merchant Seamen*, which was composed specially for a film dealing with the life and gallantry of merchant seamen during the war.

In this photograph can be seen the remarkable resemblance between the composer and Mr. Winston Churchill, while in the spirit and power of Mr. Lambert's conducting, and the breadth of his interests, can perhaps be felt something of our former Prime Minister's force of eloquence and his versatility in many spheres

*Bailward — Sclater-Booth*

Mr. James Tennant Bailward, elder twin son of Cdr. M. W. Bailward, R.N. (retd.), and of Mrs. Bailward, of Gaspar Cottage, Stourton, Warminster, Wilts, married the Hon. Diana Penelope Sclater-Booth, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Basing, of The Malt House, Gillingham, Dorset, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

*Borwick — Harrison*

Major Michael George Borwick, the Royal Scots Greys, younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Malcolm Borwick, of Haselbeck Hill, Northampton, married Miss Veronica June Harrison, daughter of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. J. F. Harrison, of King's Walden Bury, Hitchin, Herts, at St. Mary's, King's Walden

*Aitken — Lindsay*

The Hon. Max Aitken, M.P., elder son of Lord Beaverbrook, married Mrs. Jane Lindsay, younger daughter of Mr. R. O. R. Kenyon-Slaney, and of Lady Mary Gilmour, at St. Marybone Presbyterian Church

*Egerton — Leadam*

Mr. Anthony Francis Egerton, eldest son of the late Capt. Francis Egerton, and of the Hon. Mrs. Humphrey Seed, of Melbourne Hall, York, married Miss Pauline Leadam, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Leadam, of Colebrook, Watersfield, Sussex, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

*Crosland — Russell*

Capt. Thomas D. Crosland, R.A. (T.A.), only son of the late Mr. T. P. K. Crosland, and of Mrs. Duplock, of Darjeeling, India, married Miss Beryl M. Russell, elder daughter of the late Cdr. L. Stuart Russell, R.N., and of Mrs. Russell, of Orphir House, Orkney, at St. Magnus Cathedral, Kirkwall

*Rootes — Slater*

Mr. William Geoffrey Rootes, elder son of Sir William and Lady Rootes, of Stype Grange, Hungerford, Berks, married Mrs. Marian Slater, widow of W/Cdr. Garth Slater, R.A.F., and daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. R. Hayter, of Totland Bay, I.O.W., at St. George's, Hanover Square

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The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings

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**Jean
Lorimer's
Page**

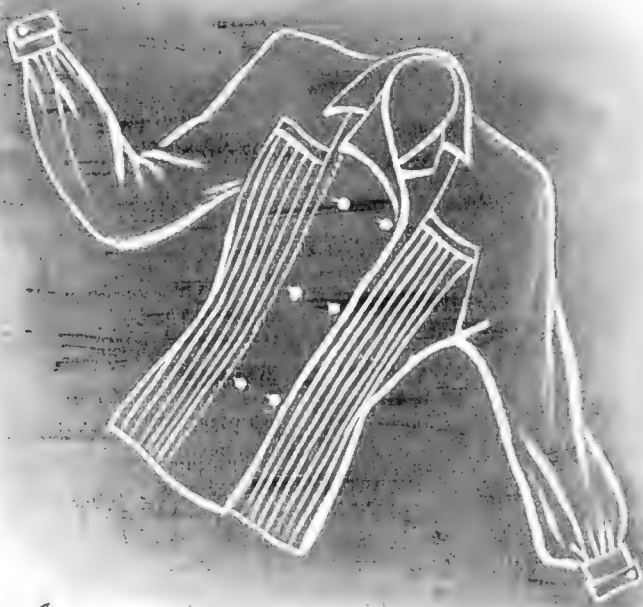


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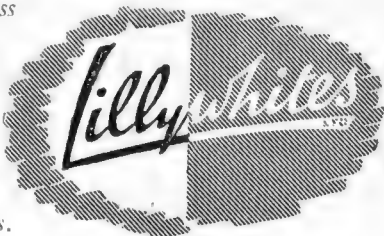


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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

IT is most difficult to predict the future of air racing. I am glad that the Cinque Ports Club decided to hold the Folkestone Aero Trophy and the High Speed Handicap, and I am especially glad that the Air Ministry took the sensible view of allowing the manufacturers to enter really fast, modern aircraft—including one jet driven machine. But I am uncertain whether this is the beginning of a new era of air racing or merely an echo of the past.

We are all getting so horribly solemn in these days that I find it hard to believe that there could ever be another Schneider Trophy; any race, that is, having the prestige and public renown of that extraordinary event.

If anyone tried to start a race of that kind, he would at once be suffocated by the regulations and restrictions. In the name of safety the race would either be prohibited altogether, or else it would be so watered down as to be uninteresting.

Perhaps the eventual solution is in class racing, the aero-engine sizes being limited. And yet my observations on the Meteors during their preparatory work for the world record on the South Coast lead me to the conclusion that the fastest aircraft could engage in a race without an impossibly high degree of danger.

Throwing Them About

IN fact, one of the most impressive things about the preliminary work for the record attempt was the manoeuvrability shown by the Meteors. They are by war standards big machines for single-seat fighters. And their rolling rate must inevitably be much below that of a Spitfire.

Yet the pilots do throw them about in a very convincing manner. There is not much doubt that a Meteor pilot flying at 900 kilometres an hour has much more accurate control over his aircraft than the pilot of one of the ancient machines that used to race at Hendon prior to 1914, that had a top speed of about 130 kilometres an hour. And the chances are that, if you do make a mistake and hit the ground, you are equally dead at 130 kilometres an hour as at 900.



Wing Commander J. A. Plagis, D.S.O., D.F.C., and his wife, with their infant daughter Romaine, after her christening in Dublin. W-Comdr. Plagis is from Rhodesia, and won the D.F.C. and Bar in Malta and the D.S.O. on D-Day operations. He was also the leader of the formation of jet planes over Buckingham Palace at the Victory Parade. Mrs. Plagis was working on Radio Location in the WAAF during the war

It must be remembered that, with speed increases, there have gone improvements in control. Consequently high speed racing with modern aircraft need not necessarily be more dangerous. In fact, I would say that flying the S6 of the Schneider Trophy days was an incomparably more dangerous process than flying a Meteor at all times, except when absolute maximum speed is being sought.

British Aircraft at Paris

I MENTIONED the other day that the British aircraft industry and the Royal Air Force were to be well represented at the Paris Aero Exhibition in November. But the British motor car industry will not be represented as a body at the Paris motor show.

There has been some misunderstanding about this decision. It has been sharply criticized as showing absence of vision. It has been contended that the motor industry, as it now has more orders than it

can deal with, is not looking carefully enough towards the future. It has been told that full representation at the Paris show would have been a means of purchasing the future.

I know that there is a great deal in that argument; but I feel that the real reason (and I am speaking without having consulted the authorities) for the absence of British cars in Paris is that the more advanced models would not be ready by then. Clearly it would be no good to exhibit old models.

All the same I regret the absence of British cars, and I hope that we shall make up for that absence by a magnificent display in the following year. Meanwhile there can be no doubt that the British aircraft industry is going to get the full benefit of the high prestige it won during the war. I hear some things about the exhibits which make me think that they will be worth going a long way to see.

Atomic Snag

IN my earlier motoring days inventors cropped up at regular intervals who had found a means of running a car on water. Now it is the day of the inventor who has found out how to harness the energy of nuclear fission for the purpose of driving a car.

I suppose we shall have these inventions with us for a long time to come. And I suppose there will always be plenty of people who will believe in them for a time. But until some competent physicist denies the statement in the official account about the screening that would be needed, I do not feel that we need pay much attention to the atomic car.

The point is that if atomic energy were used to provide the equivalent horse power of a middle-sized engine, the drive would need screening which would weigh about fifty tons. The atomic car seems to me to be a fresh outbreak of the car that runs on water, in a slightly different form. Meanwhile we could do well enough with petrol if only we could get it.

Tymms and P.I.C.A.O.

THAT is a good appointment of Sir Frederick Tymms to the Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization. He has done a magnificent piece of work as Director-General of Civil Aviation in India, and he has always shown enlightened views about the use of aircraft. He will be the United Kingdom representative on P.I.C.A.O. in place of Sir Frederick Bowhill.



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Toto, the Lesser Kudu, is about the size of a Great Dane. His remarkable turn of speed is largely due to his hind legs, whose slenderness belies their strength

"Game Warden"—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

"TOTO," Swahili for "little one," now awaiting transport to this country from Mombasa, East Africa, and soon to be seen in the London Zoo, is one of the most friendly and delightful creatures imaginable. Officially known as the Lesser Kudu, this animal can sprint at a terrific speed, aided by amazingly slender but very powerful hind legs. Its 35 miles an hour is sufficient to keep it safe from lion, leopard or any of the other great cats of Africa which prey on it. Owing to this speed, it has to be caught young.

The species of buck, of which Toto is a specimen, is a rare prize for the London Zoo. It stands no higher than



Another of Nature's provisions for Toto's survival is a huge pair of ears, which give him early warning of the approach of enemies

a Great Dane, and is found mostly in the vast game reserves on the Serengeti Plain of Kenya. Toto had rather a rough time after he was found by natives in the bush when only a few days old. He caught his foot in the rail of the lorry used to bring him into camp. This resulted in a broken foreleg which Kenya veterinary surgeons managed to set so perfectly that a few weeks in the sick bay resulted in complete recovery. During this time, being so young, he was fed on goat's milk, and a feeding utensil was improvised from a beer bottle with a rubber teat made from a motor tyre inner tube.

Toto loves being photographed, and soon became so tame that he followed me about the camp like a dog. He was everybody's pet, and had an insatiable curiosity about the ways of humans. If he keeps his friendly disposition there is no reason why he should not become a favourite "star" with the kiddies in the Zoo's Pets' Corner. He will be the first of his kind to be brought to England.

Fully grown, the Lesser Kudu has slender rapier-like horns and a glorious chestnut-coloured coat with white bands running at irregular intervals almost round the body. These white markings reappear between the eyes and emphasize their soft, dark brown beauty. At the base of the neck, too, the white marking is very attractive and resembles a "necklace." The whole effect, seen in its natural surroundings in the African bush, is to make its "light and shade" colouring a perfect camouflage even at close quarters. In addition, for its protection, Nature has provided it with very large ears for acute hearing.

Toto's diet in this country will be strictly off the ration.

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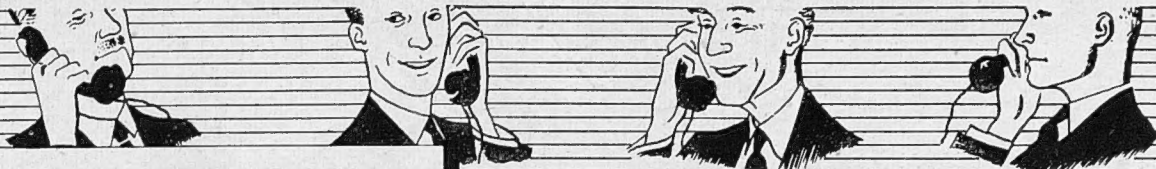
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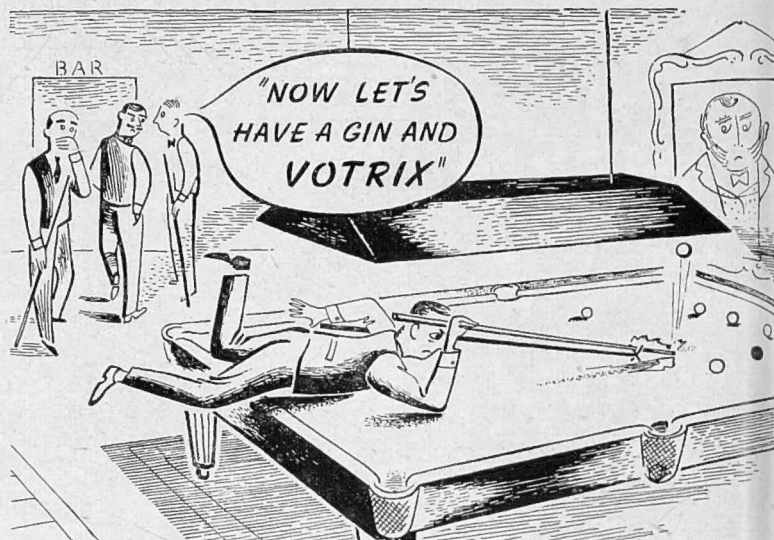
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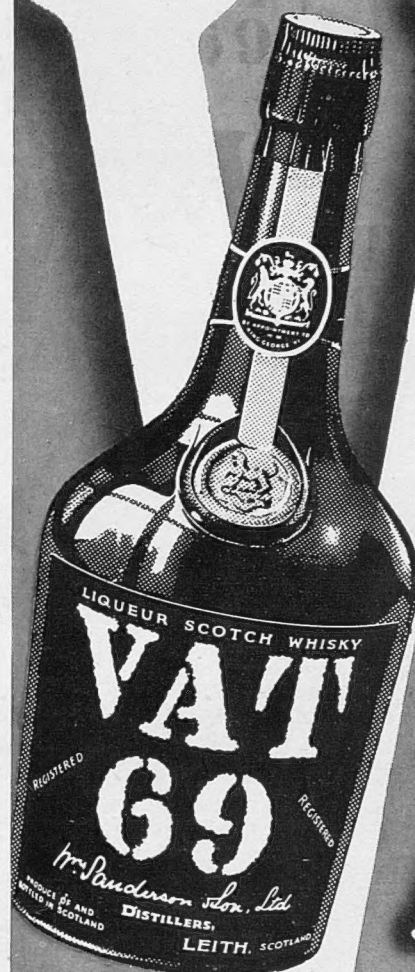
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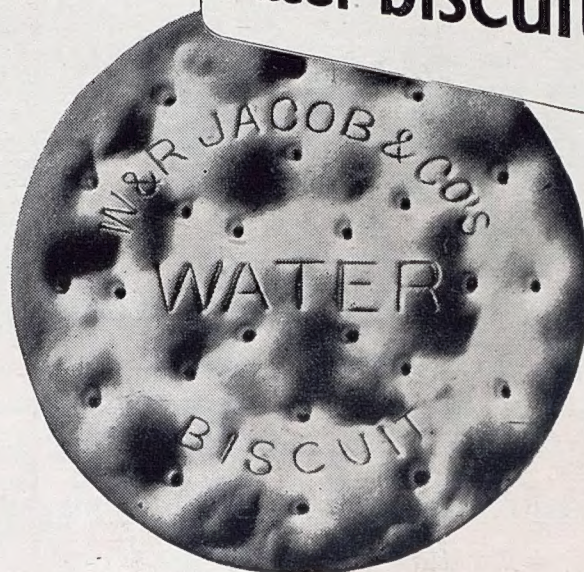


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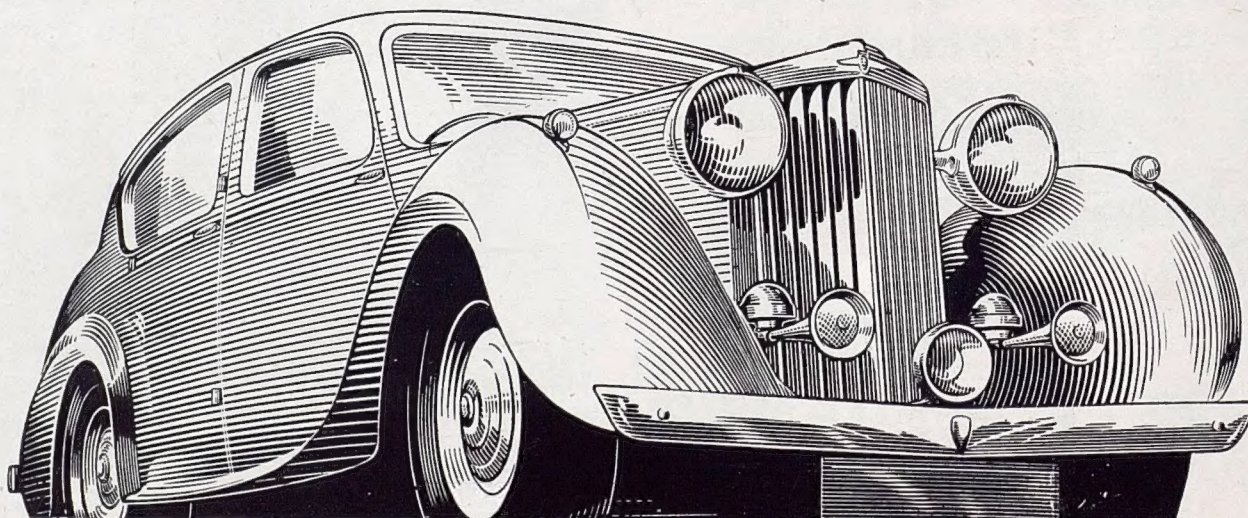


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